

WHERE?

Where is the boy who used to pace
The street with the cry: "Sweep Ho!"
The drowsy lad with the smug face
That clean boys pestered not?
Is coal less dirty than formerly,
Or cleaner coal more cheap?
Or chimneys built so as not to be
In need of the Chimney Sweep?

Where is the man with the blackened face
Who sat on the giant van
And cried: "Char-co, Char-co!"
Oh, where is the Charcoal Man?
Was it the gas stove put to flight
This man with the dismal mien;
Or modern cooks who have learned to light
The fire with kerosene?

Where is the man who was never wrong,
And pounded a lapstone, too;
Who told a story or sang a song
As he pulled his waxed ends through;
Who sewed a slipper with silken thread,
Or damaged shoes half-soled,
And made tall boots with tops of red—
Oh! where is the Cobbler old?

Where is the man, all powdered white,
Who lived below the hill,
Who ground the bags of corn we brought
On the horse to the little mill?
And where are the girls with rosy cheeks
Who used to milk and churn,
And where are the succulent buckwheat
cakes
That grandma used to turn?

The chimney sweep owns iron works;
The charcoal burner's sons
Are working mines of anthracite
And making coke by tons;
The miller's boys are millionaires
In Minneapolis,
And the cobbler's heir, in the Nutmeg state,
Owns big shoe factories.

The rose-cheeked girls are matrons now
And live in state uptown;
Their boys are sporting the college cap,
Their daughters the Paris gown.
But the hopeless longing will never down
For the good old buckwheat cake,
So sweet and tender, so thick and brown,
That grandma used to make.

—T. N., in N. Y. Sun.

A Supreme Moment

By CAROL RICHMOND

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SHE jerked off her gown with an impatient twitch and threw it upon the couch, donning a dainty creation of lace and ribbon, in the shape of a wrapper, she flung herself into a chair to think, dropping her chin into her upraised palm, she leaned forward and scowled at her image in the mirror.

It had all been so disappointing—so far from what she had pictured—this meeting with the man she had flitted in the days gone by. She had loved him, O, yes! But when money stepped between them, offering her a position in the world, she was not proof against the tempter. Now she realized what a mistake it had been, she told herself sadly. The wedding day was barely over. The honeymoon had scarce begun ere repentance seized her. A loveless marriage to be filled in by gold!

How she sickened at the remembrance. And through it all ever rose in agonizing appeal the face of the man upon whose heart she had trampled. That was years and years and years ago, judged by her feelings, but only three upon the calendar. After all, time is marked by the ravages it makes upon our hearts, not by years. When she learned that he was here at the seaside resort where her summer home was located, her heart gave one wild bound and then seemed to stand still.

Oh, to annul the past! To wipe out forever these three horrible years! Her brain reeled at the mere thought of meeting him again! Of once more standing face to face with the lover of her youth! Who knew what might happen? If he still cared for her (a sharp pain assailed her at the possibility of his not caring) she would sever these hateful chains which bound her and be free for his sake!

And now she had seen him! The hot blood raged within her at the recollection of his cool, distant bow. And after she had inveigled him into a curtailed retreat no added assurance relieved her; he might have been the veriest stranger for all the interest manifested in her. How she chafed at the inward sense of impotency. Then came the crowning humiliation when she tried to offer some palliation for her past conduct; the look of surprised puzzlement he assumed as if she had been talking in an unknown tongue. And his polite, "Pardon me, but I do not understand," was annihilating. She could have cried out for her self respect.

At length she sought to cheer herself with the thought that he might be punishing her and in time she would be able to overcome his impenetrability. She rose with determination. No, she would not despair. Surely she could penetrate this pretended insensibility.

"Alas! had she only known! His forgetfulness was not feigned.

The night her broken faith was revealed to him a miracle had been wrought. Stunned by the blow, as though dealt by physical force, well-nigh despairing, he had left her with a sense of utter defeat. Life seemed a dismal failure. And wandering on through the night he scarce knew where he went, he reached home near morning worn out in mind and body. His grief seemed unendurable. He walked the room in ceaseless agony, a foreboding of her unhappiness was also upon him. He seemed wrought upon by unseen forces and finally a calm settled upon him. Utterly exhausted he lay down and sleep came, and in that sleep all consciousness of his unhappy love was wiped out, blotted from the tablets of memory. Outraged nature clamored to be heard, and sleep taking possession, carried him far beyond the pale of sensuous life. "Death and his brother, sleep,"

How marvelously alike. For two days

the latter dominated, and when at length he awoke he was without knowledge of his wrongs. Somewhere in that deathless sleep he had left the record of his blighted hopes. Just where or how it was accomplished lay buried in the depths of the soul. He arose from it a new man, with new purpose and new interest.

Hence the recent meeting with his faithless love, fraught with so much import to her, had no meaning for him. A new star had risen upon his life, holding his entire being entranced. Claiming him wholly her own.

Mrs. Witchert was resplendent in her matchless beauty and bewitching attire as she entered the ballroom on her husband's arm that same evening. But in vain she endeavored to lure Reginald Hawthorn to her side. His greeting as they met was formal and perfunctory. To be sure he looked after her admiringly, but with no faintest reminiscence that she ever played a part in his life.

Late in the evening, longing for a breath of fresh air, she made her way alone to the broad, dimly lighted veranda. Suddenly she came upon them—the man she had never ceased to love and the girl to whom his troth was pledged, his first and only love, as he firmly believed—the discovery was like a blow to the woman concealed by the large stone pillar from where she could see and hear them. The girl was in his arms, where Mrs. Witchert herself had so often been in those dear, delightful days now gone forever. She could have cried aloud in her agony. She held herself taut, however, to catch the low words of their converse.

"Tell me, Reginald, did you never love before?"

"Not until I met you, beloved, did I ever care for woman."

"I am glad—and yet—"

"Speak, sweetheart, and yet?"

"I heard a rumor to-day—"

"Go on, go on, why do you hesitate?"

"That once upon a time you were devoted—nay, engaged to Mrs. Witchert."

His laugh rang out clear and convincing.

"Why, darling, I never saw the woman until to-day."

The white teeth of the listener behind the pillar closed down with a sharp cut upon the red lips. She felt maddened.

"How very strange," went on the girl's voice, "to connect your name with that of a perfect stranger."

"Do you doubt me, love?"

"O, the misery of hearing those endearing terms addressed to another. But still she caught her breath to listen."

"No, no; for there would be no cause

for you to deny it. So long as you are mine to-day and henceforth, I could bear to share your past with another."

"But, my precious, there is no need. I swear to you I never loved another!"

"Tis false!" And Mrs. Witchert stepped from her hiding place, her voice vibrating with emotion. "How dare you cheat the girl thus? To what end would you deceive her?"

Reginald gazed in dumb amazement at the excited woman, then murmured in hushed accents: "She is mad."

"No, I am not mad!"

Springing forward, she caught him by both arms, shaking him violently.

"Reginald Hawthorn, do you dare look me in the face and tell me you never saw me before? That there was not a time when I was the light of your eyes, the whole world to you?"

"Madam, I—My God! What is this phantom you are conjuring from the shadow of the past?" For one supreme moment he seemed about to remember, then—"Stand aside, madam. I do not know you; never saw you until to-day!" And, taking the waiting girl by the hand, he led her quickly away.

"TIS FALSE!" SHE CRIED.

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Ar Lexington 11:00am 8:40pm
Lv Lexington 11:20am 8:45pm 8:12am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester 11:57am 9:18pm 8:56am 6:50pm
Ar Mt. Sterling 12:25pm 9:48pm 9:25am 7:00pm
Ar Washington 5:20am 3:39pm
Ar Philadelphia 8:56am 7:07pm
Ar New York 11:00am 9:16pm

WEST BOUND.
Ar Winchester 7:37am 4:38pm 6:22am 2:45pm
Ar Lexington 8:12am 5:10pm 7:00am 3:30pm
Ar Frankfort 9:09am 6:14pm
Ar Shelbyville 10:01am 7:00pm
Ar Louisville 11:00am 8:00pm

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